

anything like the price paid for a single specimen at the time when the breed first took hold of the popular fancy.

As this article has overrun the space allotted by the editor of the P. E. I. MAGAZINE, further remarks about the cats of Charlottetown must wait for a future occasion.

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THE REIGN OF THE MARCH KING.

He comes with a clatter—a rush and a roar—
The wild wind shrieks, the storm-clouds lower;
And the poor old earth lifts her trembling hand
To check his speed o'er the frost-bound land:
But he laughs in scorn at her frowning face
As he starts anew on his maddened race.
O'er the fields and forests, through vale and hill
He rushes along at his own wild will
Till, his fury spent, on the frost-seared plain
He sinks him down 'neath the mighty strain.

The gentle breath of awakening Spring
Caresses the brow of the fallen king,
And whispers of rest for the panting heart
In joys that turmoil can ne'er impart:
He heeds her voice, and without a sigh
He woos repose where the violets lie,—
His tired head pillowed on earth's warm breast
The March king sleeps like a child at rest.

MAY CARROL.